

Temperance Notes

(Conducted by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.)

VOICE OF BUSINESS.

The Manufacturer's Journal of Baltimore is one of the leading industrial publications of the country. This is what it says of the drink traffic:

"We are absolutely, testotally, and in every way possible, opposed to the whisky industry, not only because of its immoral influence, but from the economic standpoint. It is a curse to the country of such gigantic proportions that the sooner it is blotted out, the better it will be for mankind. The billions of dollars that are annually spent in this country constitute one of the most fearful curses ever brought upon the land, and every dollar thus expended is an economic waste and a drain upon the physical, mental, moral and financial stamina of the country. Moreover, the alliance of the saloon interests with the politics of the country is another curse, and to this influence is due much of the rottenness in American politics. . . . Whisky and the saloon business are an unspeakable curse, without one single, solitary redeeming quality."

GERMAN ARMY OFFICER'S VIEW.

"We should not discuss moderation with a man," writes Doctor Matthaei, a staff physician in the German army, and in these words he voices the general opinion of German anti-alcoholists. "The thing has long since been settled by science. The use of narcotic poisons is simply indecent and criminal. One should always decline to take part in any festive occasion where drink is used. One who makes of a well, a slightly alcohol-sick person—a moderate drinker—should be punished for it socially until we can get leave to punish legally. Wills of men made in an alcoholized or slightly alcoholized state should be contested. Drunkards are made by hospital prescriptions of alcohol. The law should hold such hospitals legally liable. It must be considered incompatible with the honor of a city or government to allow the activities of poison factories, such as breweries and distilleries."

OFFICIAL'S ATTITUDE.

Mr. Newcomb Carlton, president of the Western Union Telegraph company, in an address at a dry banquet given to some of his men in Indianapolis, said:

"I want to advise you against partaking of intoxicating drinks. The business world is looking for the reliable, sober worker, who has higher things in mind than spending his money for drink. We are coming to a time in American history when the drinking man will be unable to obtain employment and I believe that within two years a measure providing for national prohibition will be passed by congress."

OSTRACIZED.

There is a brewer living in one of the best neighborhoods in an Ohio city, says the American Issue. This brewer has a wife and children and they are bright and well-behaved. But this family has no neighbors. It has no neighborhood callers. It is let alone. It is as if the house were quarantined. The wife and children are all right, but they belong to the brewer. The brewer is all right, too, except for his business. There is the stumbling block. The family is ostracized socially because of the beer business. Will the brewer say he is willing to change his business? He should at least do it for his family's sake.

YOUR TAX COLLECTOR.

Some folks like to say that Mr. Booze Business is a sort of indirect tax collector for Uncle Sam & Co. He is, and he makes money at it, too. For every \$1,000 in "indirect" taxes which he turns into the treasury of the national firm, he also collects another \$5,250, which he keeps for his trouble, probably as a commission or reward for his services. You know the kind of people who charge 86 per cent of the gross amount of their collections for a commission. Do you want that kind of a collector in your employ?

Again, the "collector" gets more than five times as much as your firm for whom you imagine he is working. Is he working for you, or working you?

ANTI-ALCOHOL PLEDGES.

Bishop Carroll (Catholic) of Montana wrote thus during the Montana dry campaign: "By taking the pledge the individual prohibits the use of intoxicating liquors by himself; by passing a prohibition law the community bars the use of intoxicating drinks to itself. The community has as much right to take the pledge as the individual." And, let us add, so has the state and the nation.

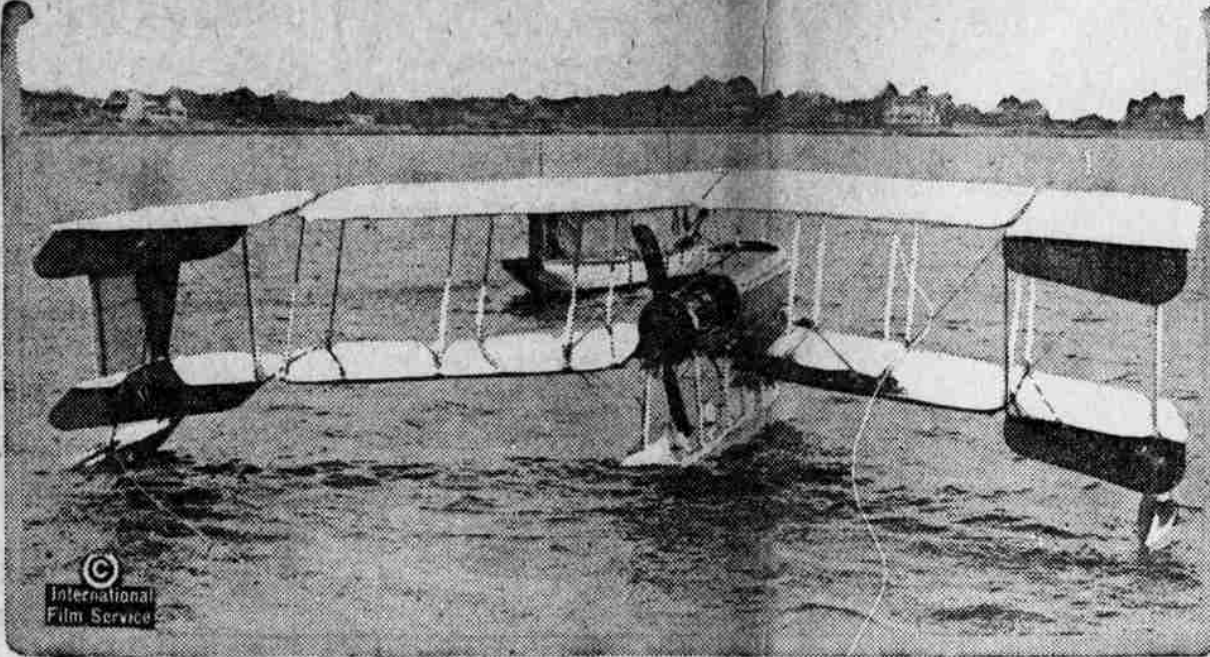
MOVING TO KANSAS.

The president of the Topeka Commercial club reports as a result of an investigation made by him that at least 2,000 families who have moved to Topeka from other states in the last ten years, including many of the city's best and most useful citizens, were influenced to make the change mainly because Kansas is a prohibition state and Topeka a dry city.

LIQUOR ON TOP.

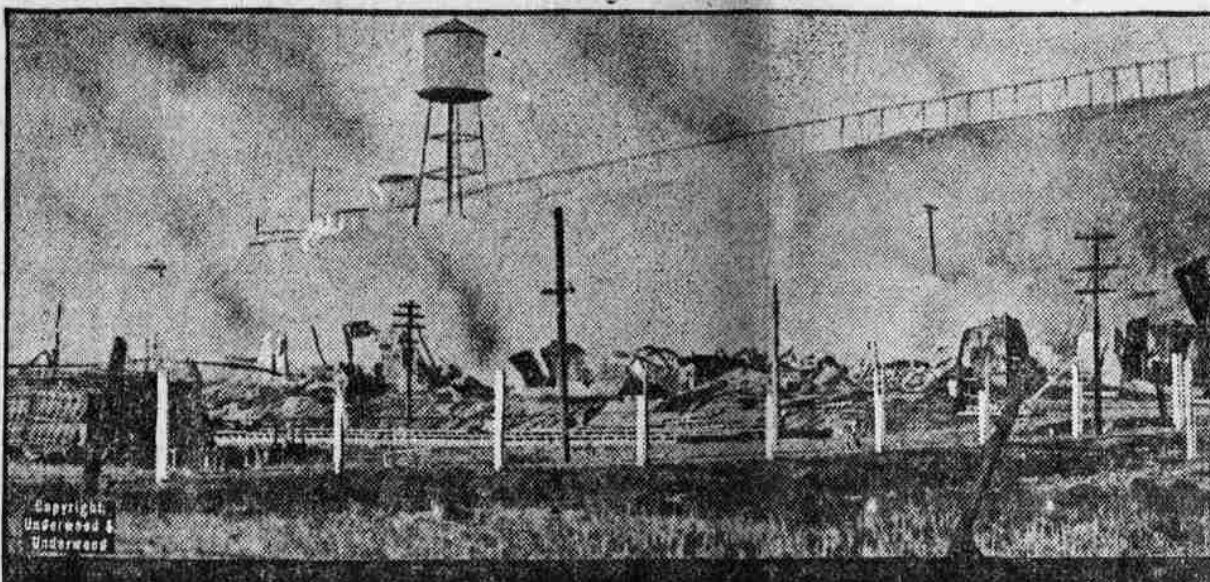
The liquor power will remain on top so long as liquor remains on top.

AIRPLANE BUILT FOR WIRELESS CONTROL



This wireless-control airplane has just been built by the Burgess-Curtiss company for John Hays Hammond, Jr., and will be given a series of tests for the United States government. According to the inventor's plans, the operator can "pick up" a torpedo and, by means of the wireless-control outfit placed just back of his seat, can direct it against the object of attack.

RUINS OF MUNITION PLANT THAT WAS BLOWN UP



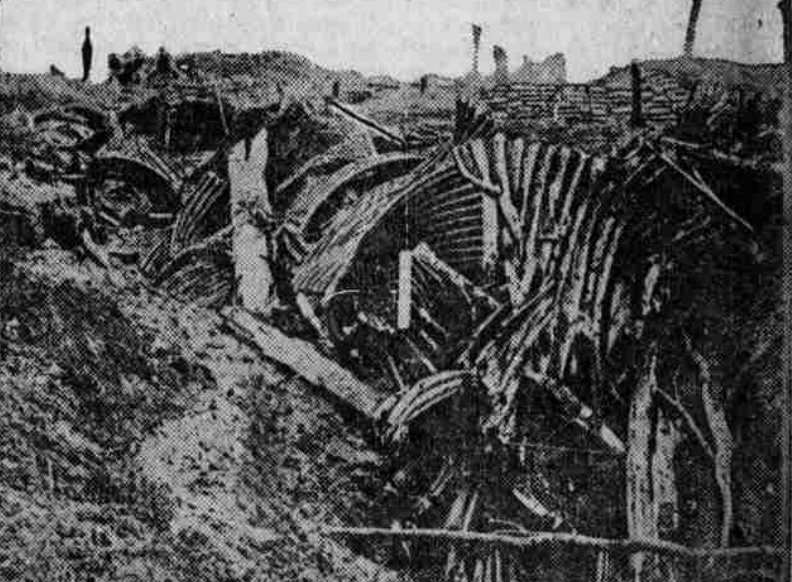
Close-up view of the ruins of the munition plant of the Canadian Car and Foundry company at Kingsland, N. J. The hill on the right is said to be the only thing that saved the towns of Kingsland and Rutherford from probable destruction from exploding shells and fire. The wind at the time fortunately was blowing in a direction opposite to the towns. The company was just finishing a \$100,000,000 contract of shells for the Russian government, which had kept the plant busy for the last two years.

WORKING ON THE LINCOLN HIGHWAY



Miss Anna Larson and Nell Coffney, California girls, donned jeans at the recent Oakland celebration, to help in preparing the first blast at the Pacific end of the Coast-to-Coast Lincoln highway.

JUST THE RUINS OF A GERMAN TRENCH



British official photograph taken on the western front. The ruins look a great deal like the ribs of an extinct mastodon, but are nothing but the remains of a German trench. The trenches were constructed similar to the railroad subways with which the American people are familiar.

THE AIRMAN

By JOSEPH T. KESCEL.

The crack aviator of the Tenth corps, "The Bird," as he was called by his comrades, could not stifle the groan that escaped his lips.

He was seated on the ground, his back against a tree, to which he had painfully crawled after his fall. In half delirium he muttered to himself numerous broken sentences.

"Commanding officer's orders were 'Go out over enemy's position, ascertain strength, and report immediately upon your return.' Tried to do it, and would have done it, hadn't been for that devilish shell. Machine damaged and old Fred badly wounded.

"Can't forget his words and action when he saw we were hard hit. 'Good-by, George, old man, good-by,' he yelled. 'I'm badly wounded. Information very much needed at headquarters. Alone there is a chance to make it. With me in the machine it is impossible. Tell Katy my last thoughts were of her.' Then for love of country he threw himself out into space. Struck the hard ground inside the enemy's lines, and was killed.

"Rotten luck. Just downright hard luck, after everything had gone so well. Splendid flight we made to headquarters, with the information they wanted, when that whistling devil caught us. With Fred's weight gone, the machine partly righted itself and would have made a safe landing, but for this beastly tree.

"Steering gear broken, no chance to guide. Leg busted, arm broken, and head feels smashed. Worst luck is in being unable to make report.

"Now my head has gone wrong. Saw the moon above, now see moons all over, going everywhere. Funny. Wish I had a drink of water and nanteen empty. Wow! Big moon is coming right toward me. There it comes. Hear voices, strange, and the man in the moon has an automobile. Can hear the purr of his engine."

With a start "The Bird" realized that it was an automobile from his corps. He attempted to raise an arm and uttered a faint shout. Figures alighted and came rapidly toward him.

In a low, audible tone he said: "I wish to report position very strong. Heavily re-enforced and more coming up rapidly." Then he lapsed into unconsciousness.

Days had passed. One cool bright morning "The Bird" opened his eyes, now free from delirium. A gentle sigh passed his lips and a figure bent over him. Two questioning brown eyes gazed into his. In a weak voice he whispered: "Report enemy's position strong, heavily re-enforced. This is very important."

Good nurse Winthrop grasped the situation at once and, knowing it best to humor the patient, hurried away. Returning to the bedside of the wounded man she said quietly, "Your orders have been obeyed. Headquarters have been informed."

"I know you," he gasped. "Katy, dear old Fred's sister. His last words were of you. I say good-by for him. Am tired now and sleepy." With this he lapsed into peaceful slumber.

The late afternoon sun, streaming through the big hospital windows, found nurse Winthrop again standing beside her new patient. The head nurse gently chided Miss Winthrop for the decided interest in patient No. 254.

The girl's eyes filled with tears and she answered humbly, "Please don't scold, for he was with my brother Fred. The two were together when the machine was hit."

"Forgive me, dear. I did not know," replied the older woman. "Stay here until he awakens. I will attend to your other duties."

"The Bird's" eyes opened. The injured man gazed in wonderment at the face before him. "I know you—I have seen you before," he repeated, "you are Fred's sister Katy."

Two small white fingers were placed on his lips and a sweet voice admonished, "You must not talk now."

With the uninjured hand he removed the fingers from his lips. Exerting his whole strength he held them firmly while he insisted, "I won't be quiet, must talk. Want you to understand. Dear old Fred, my best friend, comrades since war started. Sends all his love to you."

Her eyes filled with tears and with gentle firmness she released her hand, saying, "Please do not talk any more. You must be quiet, for you are injured and ill."

His convalescence was very rapid. When he was almost well one day they were seated on the cool, wide, sun-shaded porch, the small white hand of Miss Winthrop resting in his, and he recited the adventures of her brother and himself. Her eyes overflowed with tears and she murmured, "Dear brother. So noble, good and true."

Firmly he held her hands and in a gentle voice beseeched, "Won't you be my Katy now? Fred's last words were, 'Look after her, George.' I know it would please your brother, and to me you are everything. I love you, dear, and I want you to be my wife," he pleaded.

With trembling lips she softly murmured, "Yes, George!" A fading sunbeam casting its shadows over the cool, broad veranda danced in glee when their lips met in pledged troth.

(Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

The first fireworks he said to have appeared at Florence in 1300.

CLIMBED STAIRS ON HER HANDS

Too Ill to Walk Upright. Operation Advised. Saved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

This woman now raises chickens and does manual labor. Read her story:

Richmond, Ind.—"For two years I was so sick and weak with troubles from my age that when going up stairs I had to go very slowly with my hands on the steps, then sit down at the top to rest. The doctor said he thought I should have an operation, and my friends thought I would not live to move into our new house. My daughter asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as she had taken it with good results. I did so, my weakness disappeared, I gained in strength, moved into our new home, did all kinds of garden work, shoveled dirt, did building and cement work, and raised hundreds of chickens and ducks. I cannot say enough in praise of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and if these facts are useful you may publish them for the benefit of other women."—Mrs. M. O. JOHNSTON, Route D, Box 190, Richmond, Ind.



TO KILL RATS, MICE AND COCKROACHES ALWAYS USE STEARNS' ELECTRIC PASTE U. S. Government Buys It SOLD EVERYWHERE—25c and \$1.00

Authors and the Like. "I suppose the time is coming when men will fly to and from their work in airplanes." "Perhaps so," said the timorous person, "but if I live to see that day I'll envy the man who works at home."

ACTRESS TELLS SECRET.

A well known actress gives the following recipe for gray hair: To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and 1/4 oz. of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Barbo Compound. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off. Adv.

Not Long Enough to Reach Here.

Bill—I see by this paper that China has the longest National hymn.

Jill—Ever hear it?

"Oh, no, I've never been over there."

"Well, it can't be so awful long if it hasn't reached here yet."

Good Health Makes a Happy Home

Good health makes housework easy. Bad health takes all happiness out of it. Hosts of women drag along in daily misery, back aching, worried, "blue," tired, because they don't know what ails them.

These same troubles come with weak kidneys, and, if the kidney action is distressingly disordered, there should be no doubt that the kidneys need help.

Get a box of Doan's Kidney Pills. They have helped thousands of discouraged women.

An Ohio Case

Mrs. Elizabeth Richardson, E. North St., Massillon, Ohio, says: "For six months I was in poor health from kidney complaint and was confined to bed. My ankles were badly swollen, so that I couldn't wear my shoes. I doctored, but wasn't helped until I used Doan's Kidney Pills. They cured me and made me feel one hundred per cent better."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

FOR LEAKY CYLINDERS Get the Ever-Tight Piston Rings; will guarantee compression; made all sizes; price list mailed on application. Ask your dealer. If he does not handle them, write to The Piston Ring Co., 1411 Chestnut St., St. Louis, Mo.

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty.

Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

W. D. Wood

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

A toilet preparation of merit. Relieves itching scalp. For restoring color and beauty to gray or faded hair. 25c and 50c at Druggists.

PATENTS Watson & Coleman, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C. Advice and books free. Reasonable highest references. Desires.

"ROUGH ON RATS" Kills Rats, Mice, Bugs, Lice, Fleas, etc. 25c and 50c at Druggists.